

To Isaac D'IsraeU.

SEVILLE,

July 26.

Cadiz I left with regret, though there is little to interest except its artificial beauty. It is not unlike Venice in its situation, but there the resemblance ceases. Cadiz is without an association—not a church, a picture, or a palace. The family of the Consul is a most agreeable one: you must not associate with this somewhat humble title a character at all in unison. Mr. Brackenbury is great enough for an ambassador, and lives well enough for one; but with some foibles, he is a very hospitable personage, and I owe many agreeable hours to its exercise. You see what a Sevillian *ecritoire*, is by this despatch. I have already expended on it more time than would have served for writing many letters. I am almost in a state of frenzy from the process of painting my ideas in this horrible scrawl. It is like writing with blacking and with a skewer. Mr. Standish returned to Seville, where he resides at present, and called on me the next day. We dined with him yesterday. He is a most singular character — a spoiled child of fortune, who thinks himself, and who is perhaps now, a sort of philosopher. But all these characters must be discussed over our fireside or on the Terrace.¹

Fleuriz, the Governor of Cadiz, is a singular brute. When we meet I will tell you how I Pelhamised him. All the English complain that when they are presented to him he bows and says nothing, uttering none of those courtly inanities which are expected on such occasions, and for which crowned heads and all sorts of viceroys are celebrated. Brackenbury had been reading a review of the *Commentaries*² in, the *Courier* in the morning, and full thereof, announced me to Fleuriz as the son of the greatest author in England. The usual reception, however, only greeted me; but I, being prepared for the savage, was by no means silent, and made him stare for half an hour in a most extraordinary manner. He was sitting over some prints just arrived from England — a view of Algiers, and the fashions for June. The question was whether the place was Algiers, for it had no title. Just

¹ The Yew Terrace at Bradenham, where Disraeli in these early years was wont to compose his novels or con his speeches as he walked up and down.

² His father's *Commentaries on the Life and Eeign of Charles I.*